

den down in the same way ; in fact, roofs and floors are much the same, and in the upper stories the floors of the rooms were once the roofs of those below. When the floor are done, the walls are plastered with mud nicely smoothed with the hand. Sometimes they are finished with a wash of white clay, which gives them a very neat appearance.

Formerly a custom prevailed of leaving a small space on the wall bare, a belief existing that one of the gods came and finished it ; and although the space remained bare, it was supposed to be covered with an invisible plaster. When the house is completed to this point, four feathers are prepared, similar to those used under the four corners of the house. These are tied to a short willow stick which is inserted over one of the central roof beams. The feathers are removed every year at the feast celebrated in December, when the sun begins to return northward ; that is, at the winter solstice.

The ceremony known as "feeding the house" is then performed. This is an offering to the sun, and consists of placing bits of food among the rafters, with prayers to the sun that he may smile upon the occupants of the house and not hasten the departure of any of them to the other world. After this, the women build a fire-place in one corner of the room under a hole left in the roof, and construct over it a chimney hood to confine the smoke to the proper exit. A bin-like arrangement, or stone trough, is built in another corner, and three flat stones are mounted in it for grinding corn. The house is then ready for occupancy. The door is merely an opening, closed by hanging a blanket over it when necessary, and windows are merely holes left in the walls when they were constructed. In the cold winter weather these are closed by stone slabs, or built up with solid masonry, the filling being removed again in the spring.

COSMAS MINDELEPP.

### HE HAD A MISSION.

He thought he had a Mission  
To be a politician  
And show the boys some tricks the never knew ;  
He had a little money,  
This may indeed sound funny,  
For in politics 't is "boodle", "tin" and "glue".

He was a very good fellow,  
So free, so kind, so mellow,  
The gang all grew to love him more and more.  
The pushed him and they groomed him,  
They puffed him and they boomed him.  
They swelled his head fourteen by twenty-four.

He kept the "boodle" flowing.  
The gang kept loudly blowing,  
They had a cinch on everything in sight.  
They kept him swiftly moving,  
They said he was improving.  
He never slept a wink by day or night.

He never kicked or grumbled,  
He never even tumbled ;  
He thought he 'd soon get office, honor, fame.  
But, alas ! in the convention  
His name they did n't mention,  
And he did n't have a dollar to his name.